

IN B FLAT

IN A FLAT

IN C

IN
OLD MADRID

SONG

Words by Clifton Bingham

MUSIC BY

H. Trotère.

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"IN OLD MADRID"

Written by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Composed by H. TROTÈRE.

Tempo di Bolero.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Tempo di Bolero'. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with dynamic markings *f*, *ff*, and *p*. The vocal part enters with the lyrics: "Long years a - go, in old Mad - rid, Where soft - ly sighs of love the light gui - tar, Two sparkling eyes a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as dark - ly bright as love's own star? There". The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time.

Long years a - go, in old Mad - rid, Where soft - ly
sighs of love the light gui - tar, Two sparkling eyes a lat - tice
hid, Two eyes as dark - ly bright as love's own star? There

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on the casement ledge when day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was lightly laid; A

face look'd out, as from the ri - ver shore, There stole a ten - der se - re -

rall:

colla voce.

- nade! Rang the lo - ver's hap - py song Light and low from

a tempo.

shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -

- tween them ev - er - more

f

rall:

4 *Con tenerezza.*

Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing,

a tempo.

Love is sigh - ing, Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing,

Here a - lone I wait for thee!

rall: p a tempo. ff

Far, far a - way from old Mad -

p

rid, Her lov-er fell, long years a-go, for Spain; . . . A con-vent

veil those sweet eyes hid; And all the vows that love had sigh'd were

vain! But still between the dusk and night, 'tis said, Her

white hand opes the lat-tice wide, The faint sweet e-cho of that

rall. se-re-nade, Floats weirdly o'er the mis-sy tide! *a tempo.*

colla voce. *a tempo.*

Still she lists her lov_er's song, Still he sings up_on the shore, Though

flows a stream than all more strong Between them ev_er - more!...

Con tenerezza.

Come, my love, the stars are shi_ning,

rall: *a tempo.*

Time is fly_ing, Love is sigh_ing, Come, for thee a heart is pin_ing,